



G. Vander Gucht sculp.



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DON CARLOS, ³

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
Hor.



Printed for J. TONSON. 1734.



DON CARLOS

PRINCE OF SPAIN

TRAGEDY

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the
HOT



To his Royal Highness the
D U K E.

S I R,

'TIS an approved Opinion, There's not so unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: For certainly he lives to very little Use that only toils in the same Round, and because he knows where he is, tho' in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a smother Path for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not ordinary: For, besides my own Propensity to take an Opportunity of publishing the extreme Devotion I owe your Royal Highness, the mighty Encouragement I receiv'd from your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was Hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the curious World will expect some Panegyrick on those heroick Virtues, which are thro'out it so much admir'd. But as they are a Theme too great for my Undertaking, so only to endeavour at the Truth of 'em, must in the distance between my Obscurity and their Height, savour of a Flattery, which in your Royal Highness's Esteem I would not be thought guilty of: Tho' in that part of 'em which relates to my self (viz. your Favours shower'd on a Thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent. For you were not only so indulgent as to bestow your Praise on this, but even (beyond my Hopes) to declare in favour of my first Essay of this Nature, and add yet the Encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss your Royal Highness's Hand,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in token of your Permission to make a Dedication to you of the second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider you never give your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of some Desert when you vouchsafe to promote; I, who have terminated my best Hopes in it, should do wrong to your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind as well as my Condition, is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so great and so good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near you and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Respect towards you; since in the firmness of your Resolution the brave and good Man is sure of you, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over; and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to you, who am in nothing so unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let you and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highness's

most Humble, most Faithful,

and most Obedient Servant,

THO. OTWAY.



THE PREFACE.

READER,

TIS not that I have any great Affection to Scribbling, that I pester thee with a Preface; for amongst Friends, 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under Attornies; it will hardly keep us in Ale and Cheese. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his Time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpose;

*I pity those who in these latter Days
Do write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate:
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labour oft have but a Mock;*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Translation; had I understood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then like a bashful young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc'd any thing; till at last, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatick Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: But I might, without offence to any Person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him Right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have buggled at the obliging the Passion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same Opportunities, which I have given him. This I publish to antedate the Objections some People may make against that

The PREFACE.

Play, who have been (and much Good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: In the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Vénom. I am well satisfy'd I had the greatest Party of Men of Wit and Sense on my Side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I receiv'd from the Earl of R. who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his Business, to establish it in the good Opinion of the King and his Royal Highness; from both of whom I have since receiv'd Confirmation of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all Gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good Success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extremely build my Hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heav'n, I am yet not so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so noble a Pleasure: for 'twas not my Business to take such as only come to a Play-house to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Tho' a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely cock'd, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewell.

P R O

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Author took this Play in hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a Stand.

He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred Things,
Not as they're represented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!

U'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.
Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,

He found were very difficult to write:

He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake,

Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take;

Till this his Judgment safest understood,

To make them both Heroick as he cou'd.

But now the greatest Stop was yet unpass'd,

He found himself, alas! confined too fast.

He is a Man of Pleasure, Sirs, like you,

And therefore hardly could to Business bow;

Till at the last he did this Conquest get,

To make his Pleasure Whetstone to his Wit,

So sometimes for Variety he writ.

But as those Block-heads, who discourse by rote,

Sometimes speak Sense, altho' they rarely know't:

So he scarce knew to what his Work would grow;

But 'twas a Play, because it would be so:

Yet well he knows this is a weak Pretence,

For Idleness is the worst want of Sense.

Let him not now of Carelessness be tax'd,

He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next:

Mean while

Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare;

Yet do it kindly, be not too severe,

He may bear better Fruit another Year.

A S

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Philip II. King of Spain,</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Don Carlos, his Son,</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Don John of Austria,</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Marquis of Posa, the Prince's Confident,</i>	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
<i>Rui Gomez,</i>	<i>Mr. Medburn.</i>
<i>Officer of the Guards,</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Queen of Spain,</i>	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Dutcheſs of Eboli, Wife to R. Gomez,</i>	<i>Mrs. Shadwell.</i>
<i>Henrietta,</i>	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
<i>Garcia,</i>	<i>Mrs. Gillon.</i>

Don



Don CARLOS, PRINCE of SPAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace Royal.*

The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended, Don Carlos, the Marquiss of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c. Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.

KING.



HAPPY the Monarch on whose Brows
no Cares
Add Weight to the bright Diadem he
wears;

Like me in all that he can wish for, blest,
Renown and Love the gentlest Calms of

'And Peace adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast. (Rest,

To me great Nations tributary are;

Tho' whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,

Where most I reign, I must pay Homage here;

[To the Queen]

Approach, bright Mistress of my purest Vows,

Nor shew me him that more Religion owes

To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows.

D. CAR.



D. Car. So Merchants, cast upon some savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.
Curse! What's Obedience? A false Notion made
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, } [Aside.
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh! —

King. — Why does my Charles shroud
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall such a noble Race of Heroes spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs
I only can admire, as they are yours.

King. Heav'n! How he stands unmov'd! not the- }
Of Transport. (least shew)

D. Car. — Not admire your Happiness? I do }
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me express the mighty Joy I feel: }

Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. [Kneels to the Queen.]

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine! }
I'm sure 'tis so, if I might judge by mine, [Aside:
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now. [To Carlos.]

D. Car. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel. (do.

Queen. For Heav'n, my Lord! you know not what you

King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow;
And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no common Causes can proceed. [Aside:
I'll probe him deep —

— When, when, my dearest Joy, [To the Queen.]
Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?

Hence to Love's secret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' am'rous Fire,
Then Phoenix-like each in the Flame expire,
Still he is fix'd — [Looking on Don Carlos.]

Gomez, observe the Prince. [To Rui-Gomez.]

Yet smile on me, my charming Excellence,
Virgins should only Fears and Blushes shew;
But you must lay aside that Title now.

The



The Doctrine which I preach, by Heaven, is good:
Oh, the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield:
Now Fate her utmost Malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewell; for since I must submit—

King. Now wing'd with Rapture, let us fly my Sweet,
My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,
And let thy Father's Happiness be thine.

[*En. King and Queen attended.*]

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r
T'enjoy so much Divinity below?
Didst thou behold her, *Posa*?

Posa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a Bride!
O *Posa*, once she was decreed for mine:
Once I had Hopes of Bliss. Hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was if I could get
But Leave to lie a Prostrate at her Feet,
Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;
Nay, she in Pity too would sometimes smile,
Till at the last my Vows successful prov'd,
And one Day sighing, she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I found no Limits to our Joy,
With Eyes thus languishing we look'd all Day;
So vigorous and strong we darted Beams,
Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight:
For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light,
As we had gaz'd all Day, we dreamt all Night.
But after all these Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus destroys his Son,
In their full Height my choicest Hopes beguile,
And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils;
My dearest *Posa*, thou wast ever kind,
Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here— my Lord.

D. Car. Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow,
Ah! tho' y've lost a Beauty well might make
Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake,

Let

Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind,
But be obedient, tho' he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no Leisure now to hear thee preach :
Still you'll usurp a Power o'er my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill :
Nor need it be so soon forgot that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy.
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a Crown ;
Taught you Ambition, and War's noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts ;
Whilst, tho' but young ———

You would with Pleasure read of Sieges got,
And smile to hear of bloody Battles fought :
And still, tho' not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Disguise :
Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd :
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damp'd my Father's Smiles still as they sprung,
Persuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were frustrate made,
And, robb'd of Sun-shine, wither'd in the Shade.
Whilst, my good Patriot! you dispos'd the Crown
Out of my Reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your Policy ———

R. Go. ——— My Lord,
This Accusation is unjust and hard.
The King, your Father, would not so upbraid
My Age: Is all my Service thus repaid ?
But I will hence, and let my Master hear
How generously you reward my Care ;
Who on my just Complaint, I doubt not, will
At least redress the Injuries I seek. [Exit Gomez.]

Posa. Alas, my Lord, you too severely urge
Your Fate, his Interest with the King is large.
Besides, you know he has already seen
The Transports of your Passion for the Queen.

The Use he may of that Advantage make
You ought at least t'avoid but for her sake. (Part;

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'ast touch'd my tender'st
I never yet learn'd the dissembling Art.

Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.

The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy nearest Care.

O! fly, o'ertake him ere he goes too far. [Exit Posa.]

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate?

By so much more unhappy as we're great.

A Prince, and Heir to Spain's great Monarch born,

I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom I most scorn;

Who like a Bramble 'mongst a Cedar's Boughs,

Vexes his Peace under whose Shades he grows.

Now he returns: Assist me Falshood, — down,

Thou Rebel Passion —

Re-enter R. Gomez and Posa.

Sir, I fear I've done [To R. Gomez,

You Wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.

Heav'n! can I do this abject thing, and live? [Aside,

R. Go. Ah my good Lord, it makes too large amends,

When to his Vassal thus a Prince descends;

Tho' it was something rigid and unkind,

T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.

D. Car. Alas, no more; all Jealousies shall cease,

Between us two let there be henceforth Peace.

So may just Heav'n assist me when I sue,

As I to Gomez always will be true.

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take

All the Return Sincerity can make.

Blest in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,

May not one Fear disturb your happy Hours:

Crown'd with Success may all your Wishes be;

And you ne'er find worse Enemies than me.

[Exeunt D. Car. and Posa.]

Nor, spite of all his Greatness, shall he need:

Of too long Date his Ruin is decreed.

Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears;

'Twas I the Charge had of his tender Years,

And read in all the Progress of his Growth,

An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;

A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild;
 At all my Precepts still with Scorn he smil'd;
 Or when, by th' Power I from his Father had,
 Any Restraint was on his Pleasures laid,
 Usher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would rise,
 And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
 But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;
 For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.
 Here comes the Star by whom my Course I steer.

Enter Eboli.

Welcomes, my Love ———

Eboli. My Lord, why stay you here,
 Losing the Pleasure of this happy Night?
 When all the Court are melting in Delight,
 You toil with the dull Bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only, my fair one, how to make thee great,
 Thou tak'st up all the Bus'ness of my Heart,
 And only to it Pleasure can impart:
 Say, say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?
 It is an Age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear
 Your Love, but offer something to your Ear.
 If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
 To Day some strange Disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes, such as youthful Brides do still express,
 Impatient Longings for the Happiness.
 Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
 As Needles always tremble near the Pole. *[well]*

Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, seem not so blind; too
 I've seen the Wrongs which you from Carlos feel;
 And know your Judgment is too good, to lose
 Advantage, where you may so safely choose.
 Say now, if I inform you, how you may
 With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done:
 My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then, and with your strictest Cunning try
 What of the Queen and Prince you can descry;
 What ev'ry Look, each quick and subtle Glance;
 Then we'll from all produce such Circumstance
 As shall the King's new Jealousy advance.

Nay

PRINCE of SPAIN.

17

Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you Thew:

If you will make me great, begin it now.

How, Sir, d'ye stand considering what to do?

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,

A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers spring:

Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'll prey,

Till so their Strength and Virtue drawn away,

Unable to recover, each shall droop,

Grow pale and fading hang his wither'd Top:

Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,

And unlade all the precious Sweets at home. [Exit Gomez,

Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,

And make what haste thou canst to be undone,

Whilst I have nobler Business of my own.

Was I bred up in Greatness? Have I been

Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen?

Made Love my Study, and with practis'd Charms

Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms;

At last to be condemn'd to the Embrace

Of one, whom Nature made to her Disgrace;

An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who

Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?

On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,

As Jewels that are lost t'enrich a Tomb?

No, tho' all Hopes are in a Husband dead,

Another Path to Happiness I'll tread;

Elsewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd:

Yet, while he can, let the Slave serve my Pride.

Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine;

The gallant, youthful Austria shall be mine:

To him with all my Force of Charms I'll move;

Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I love.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Orange Grove.*

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. WHY should dull Law rule Nature, who
first made

That Law by which herself is now betray'd?

Ere

Ere Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most Noble that was born most Free:
 Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd,
 Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience,
 And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
 My Glorious Father got me in his Heat,
 When all he did was eminently great:
 When warlike *Belgia* felt his conqu'ring Pow'r,
 And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperor.
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
 Because I came not in the common Road,
 But born obscure, and so more like a God?
 No? tho' his Diadem another wear,
 At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir:
 Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my Fair.

Enter Eboli.

She comes as the bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves,
 When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
 She rides to meet the warlike God she loves.

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
 And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. John. O banish it: Lovers like us should fly,
 And mounted by their Wishes soar on high,
 Where softest Ecstasies and Transports are,
 While Fear alone disturbs the lower Air.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are every where?
 Or if we could with happiest Secrecy
 Enjoy these Sweets, oh, whither shall we fly
 T'escape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. John. Alas, lay this Religion now aside;
 I'll shew thee one more pleasant, that which *Love*
 Set forth to the old World, when from above
 He came himself, and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
 My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. John. I know y^ere her I love, what should I more
 Regard? —

Eboli. — By Heav'n he's brave — *[Aside,*
 — But can so poor

A Thought possess your Breast, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Lust and Infamy?

D. *John*. Those who are noblest born should higher prize
Love's Sweets. Oh! let me fly into those Eyes!
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glass
Beholds his wish'd-for Fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes —
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay;
Your Looks speak Danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aside.*]

D. *John*. Take Vows and Pray'rs if ever I prove false;
See at your Feet the humble *Austria* falls. [*Kneels.*]

Eboli. Rise, rise, ——— [*Austria rises.*]
My Lord, why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*]

D. *John*. How many Ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak wouldst thou have an Empire at thy Feet?
Say, wouldst thou rule the World? I'll conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you.
If you would be but ———

D. *John*. ——— What?

Eboli. ——— For ever true,

D. *John*. That thou mayst ne'er have Cause to fear those
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms: [*Harms,*]

Nay, I'll not one short Minute from thee stray;

My self I'll on thy tender Bosom lay,

Till in its Warmth I'm melted all away.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord ———

Eboli. ——— Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

D. *John*. Must I without my Blessing then be gone?

[*Kisses her Hand.*]

Eboli. Think you this Indiscretion merits one?

[*Pulls it back.*]

D. *John*. I'm aw'd ———

As a sick Wretch, that on his Death-Bed lies,

Loth with his Friends to part, just as he dies,

Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his Eyes. [*Exit.*]

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and Vigour
Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far; [*are!*]

Too easily I'll not myself resign:

Ere I am his, I'll make him surely mine; [*Draw*]

Draw him by subtle Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make Escape;
About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range
The solitary Paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in Herds to Coverts run,
While Beasts of Prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?
You little think what my poor Heart endures;
Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those Faults your self have made.
Remember you the Task you gave?

Eboli. — — 'Tis true; — — —

Your Pardon, for I do remember now.
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my Mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too kind.

[Sighs.]

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!

Eboli. Does then Success attend upon your Toil?
I long to see you revel in the Spoil.

R. Go. What strictest Diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son.
I to Advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with Art each am'rous Glance they cast:
So that this Night he shunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which thro' the Court has various Murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
And hush to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading Greatness? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen?
I, who o'er Nations have victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curs'd Jealousy, that poisons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th' Invader sits!

OH

Oh Gomez, thou hast giv'n my mortal Wound.

R. Go. What is't does so your Royal Thoughts con-
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have, (found?)
And ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no Stranger sure
To the sad Cause of what I now endure.

Know'st thou what Poison thou didst lately give?
And dost not wonder to behold me live?

R. Go. I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never study'd any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly, what pass between 'em more, declare.
How greedily my Soul to Ruin flies!

As he, who in a Fever burning lies,
First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more.

Oh then —

R. Go. — I fear that you'll interpret wrong;
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Lie still, my Hearr: Not long, was't that you said?

R. Go. No longer than they in your Presence stay'd.

King. No longer? Why, a Soul in less time flies
To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject Fears, be gone: she's all Divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in Perfection sin?

R. Go. Angels that shine above, do oft bestow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But Carlos is my Son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphere.
True, she may show'r promiscuous Blessings down
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown:
But when too kindly she his Brightness sees,
It robs my Lustre to add more to his.

But Oh! I dare not think —

That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop to him, when they had vanquish'd me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a Sense,
To cherish but a Thought beyond the Bound.
Of strictest Duty. He to me has own'd

How

How much was to his former Passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than advise:
Be not more charitable than y^ere wise.
The King is sick, and we should give him Ease,
But first find out the Depth of his Disease.

Too sudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We must not heal up fester'd Wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a Pow'r wou'd o'er me gain,
Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm stung, and won't the Torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have Blood those Wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I should ever dare
To question Virtue in a Queen so fair;
Tho' she her Eyes cast on her glorious Son:
Men oft see Treasures, and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in obscure Contraries.
No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And subtlest Paths, each little Action mark.
If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Enter Queen attended, and Henrietta.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes,
For all around she'll her bright Beams display:
Shou'd I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
Spite of my self I should be led astray.

[Exit the King attended, looking at the Queen.]

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure ere his Love he'd let me know his Pow'r:
As Heav'n oft thunders ere it sends a Show'r.
This Spanish Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity so aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Hen. Alas! what can you from old Age expect,
When frail uneasy Men themselves neglect?
Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Tho' such as in extinguish'd Fires you'll find;
Where some Remains of Heat the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State;
Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate;

That

PRINCE of SPAIN.

23

That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When tho' by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed.
Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*?

[*Hen. sighs.*]

Hen. Who is it can
Know your sad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With Pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos's* Love.

Queen. ——— And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet.
At ev'ry Point he with Advantage stood;
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Hen. One so accomplish'd, and that lov'd you too,
With what Resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him ——— But oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain.

[*Aside.*]

Queen. What means this strange Disorder?

Hen. ——— Yonder view,
That which I fear will discompose you too.

Enter Don Carlos, and Posa.

Queen. Alas the Prince! There to my Mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual Fears.

Away, *Henrietta* ——— [Offers to go.]

D. Car. ——— Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos's* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: In Obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.

D. Car. Must I then at that awful Distance sue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach, I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: What would you say?

[*Carlos kneels.*]

Nay,

Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o'er.

D. Car. Was I ne'er in this Posture seen before?
Ah! can your cruel Heart so soon resign
All Sense of these sad Sufferings of mine?
To your more just Remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate seem'd kindly to ordain
That once you should be mine; which I believ'd:
Tho' now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you should your Fate, not me upbraid.

D. Car. I will not say y've broke the Vows you made;
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your Feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than such kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For midst your highest Joys, without a Crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right;
All other Passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense
Upon your Heart such mighty Influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Pow'r,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperor,
Of all its Riches, all its State possess'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Queen. In vain on her you Obligations lay,
Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

Hen. Yet had you *Henrietta's* Heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could.

D. Car. Oh! say not you want Pow'r; you may with
Kind Look pay doubly all I've undergone, [*Aside.*
And knew you but the Innocence I bear, (one
How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my Want,
When all I ask you may so safely grant.

Queen. I know not what to grant; too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Queen. You shall not want what I may let you have.

[*Gives her Hand sighing.*

D. Car.

D. Car. Like one ———

That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best;
From the rich Treasure whilst I Choice should make,
Dazzled with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich ———

Queen. ——— Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already given too much. *[Turns from him.]*

D. Car. Oh take not back again th' appearing Bliss:
How difficult's the Path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, tho' you nothing more can give,
Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive;
At least remember how I've lov'd ———

Queen. — I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still;
Let me love on: It is a very poor
And easy Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Queen. Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be beloved again?

D. Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my Disquiets banish from my Breast;
I will endeavour to do so at least. *[Sighing deeply.]*
Or if I can't my Miseries outwear,

They never more shall come t'offend your Ear. *(admire;)*

Queen. Love then, brave Prince, whilst I'll thy Love
*[Gives her Hand, which Don Carlos during all this
Speech kisses eagerly.]*

Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chaste Desire,
That without Spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love.
Till when ——— Oh! whither am I run astray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:
For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow,
I find that I shall want the Power to go.

[Ex. Queen and Henrietta.]

D. Car. Oh sweet ———
If such Transport be in a Taste so small
How bless'd must he be that possesses all!
Where am I, Poisa? Where's the Queen? *[Standing amaz'd.]*

B

Poisa

Posa. ——— My Lord,
A while some Respire to your Heart afford:
The Queen's retired ———

D. Car. ——— Retir'd! And did she then
Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in again?
'This little Ease augments my Pain the more;
For now I'm more impatient than before,
And have discover'd Riches make me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had,
You should correct Desires that drive you on
Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son,
No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;
The Brave may by themselves be happy made.
You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Car. But ere he robb'd me of her, she was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to do,
For half my Miseries thou canst not know.
Make my self happy! Bid the Damn'd do so;
Whoin sad Flames must be for ever tosd,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove continues.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no
Love is a God, and like a God should be (Laws?)
Inconstant with unbounded Liberty,
Rove as he list ———
I find it; for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet ———
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.

Oh

Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
 Like too near Sweeters they took my Sense away;
 And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach a Joy.
 But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
 And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
 As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
 Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.
 How wretched's then the Man, who tho' alone
 He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
 Is but at best a Pris'n'r on a Throne?

To him King attended, Posa, and Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Powers, whose Substitutes we are,
 On whom y'ave lain of Earth the Rule and Care.
 Why all our Toils do you reward with ill,
 And to those weighty Cares add greater still?
 Oh how could I your Deities enrage,
 That blest'd my Youth thus to afflict my Age?
 A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. John. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought
 From the soft Arms of his young Bride? [To Gomez.

King. ——— Ay true!

Is she not, *Austria*, young and charming too?
 Dost thou not think her to a Wonder fair?
 Tell me ———

D. John. ——— By Heav'n more bright than Planets are:
 Her beauty's Force might ev'n their Pow'r out-do.

King. Nay, she's as false, and as unconstant too.
 Oh *Austria*, that a Form so outward bright
 Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
 For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
 My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
 Takes from its Shrine the precious Relick down,
 To adorn a little Idol of her own,
 My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
 Oh the distracting Throws of Jealousy!
 But as a drowning Wretch just like to sink,
 See him that threw him in upon the Brink;
 At the third Plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
 And tugs him down into Destruction too:
 So thou from whom these Miseries I've known,
 Shall bear me out again, or with me drown.

[Seizes roughly on Rui Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Successes of my Sov'reign's Fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you would command me?

King. How? —

What is't? — I know not what I'd have thee do:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. John. Alas! what Frenzy does your Temper haunt?
Revenge! on whom?

King. On my false Queen and Son. [have done?

R. Go. On them! good Heav'n! what is't that they
Oh had my Tongue been curs'd ere it had bred
This Jealousy — [Half aside.

King. — Then cancel what thou'st said.
Didst thou not tell me that thou saw'st him stand
Printing soft Vows in Kisses on her Hand;
Whilst in requital she such Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what less could the Queen allow
To him, than you to ev'ry Vassal show?
Th' affording him that little from Love's Store,
ImPLY'd that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless, she must have a wondrous Store
Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poor.
Now thou'dst rebate my Passions with Advice;
And when thou shou'dst be active, wou'dst be wise.
No, lead me where I may their Incest see,
Do, or by Heav'n — do, and I'll worship thee!
Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy Weight I yield and bow.
But I'll re-gather yet my Strength, and stand
Brandishing all my Thunder in my Hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Consort bear
No ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

D. John. I too dare with my Life their Cause make good.

King. Sure well their Innocence you've understood,
That you so prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wou'dst thou speak me Comfort? I would find
Amongst all my Counsellors at least one kind,

Yet any thing like that I must not bear;
For so my Wrongs I should too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own mean Flatterer.

Posa, withdraw ———

[*Exit Posa*]

My Lords, all this y've heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it, Sir, with strict Regard:
The young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all

My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.

Like *Caesar* in the Senate thus I stand,

Whilst Ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry hand:

From each side he had warning he must die;

Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I.

To strive for Ease would but add more to Pain:

As Streams that beat against their Banks in vain,

Retreating swell into a Flood again.

No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear:

My just Revenge so true a Stamp shall bear,

As henceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,

And copy all its Vengeance out by that.

All but *Rui Gomez* I must have withdrawn,

I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. Omnes, praeter King and Gomez*]

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate:

Thou'st wrought my Sense of Wrong to such a Height,

Within my Breast it will no longer stay,

But grows each Minute till it force its way.

I would not find myself at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainst your Reason be believ'd,

Think, Sir, your Jealousy to be but Fear

Of losing Treasures, which you hold so dear.

Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:

I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! what should Looks, and Sighs, and Pres-

No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.

(*sings mean?*)

No Repetitions ——— something must be done.

Now there's no Ill I know that I would shun.

I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found,

Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;

Like a Granado from a Cannon shot,

B 3

Which

Which lights at last upon the Enemy's Ground,
Then breaking deals Destruction all around. [*Exit King.*

R. Go. So, now his Jealousy is at the Top,
Each little Blast will serve to keep it up.
But stay; there's something I've omitted yet;
Posa's mine Enemy; and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
For my Snare's large enough to hold him too:
Yet I'll disguise that Purpose for a while;
But when he with the rest is caught i'th' Toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui Gomez!* and the King not here!
You, who so eminent a Fav'rite are
In a King's Eye, should ne'er be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince
Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,
I wish there were no publick Enemies:
No lurking Serpents Poison to dispense,
Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence;
No Flatt'ers, that with Royal Goodness sport,
Those stinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wishes any thing could do,
I have as earnest Wishes, Sir, as you:
That tho' perhaps our King enjoys the best
Of Pow'r, yet may he still be doubly bless'd.
May he ———

Posa. Nay, *Gomez*, you shall ne'er out-do me there;
Since for Great *Philip's* Good I would you were
(If possible) more honest than you are.

R. Go. Why, *Posa*; what Defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your Mysteries I'm yet to learn;
Tho' this I'll boldly justify to all,
That you contrive a gen'rous Prince's Fall. [*Gomez smiles.*
Nay, think not by your Smiles and careless Port,
To laugh it off; I come not here to sport,
I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what Meaning has
This Heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y'are base.

R. Go.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 31

R. Go. Nay then, I Pardon ask that I did smile:
By Heav'n, I thought y'had jested all this while.
Bafe! ———

Pofa. Yes, more bafe than impotent or old.
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood, runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carcass is lefs full
Of Rancour and Contagion than thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I faw it plain;
But Duty to that Prefence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treafon with my Sword:
But ftill ———

Thy Villany talk'd all: Courage had not a Word.
True, thou art old; yet if thou haft a Friend,
To whom thy curfed Cause thou dar'ft commend;
'Gainft him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewel, bold Champion ———
Learn better how your Paflions to difguife,
Appear lefs cholerick, and be more wife. [Exit *R. Go.*

Pofa. How frail is all the Glory we defign,
Whilst fuch as thefe have Pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'ft have fafely flood,
If thou hadft been lefs great, or not fo good.
Why the vile Monfter's Blood did I not fhed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own Head?
My Honour fo had had this juft Defence,
That I preferv'd my Patron and my Prince.

Enter Carlos and the Queen.

Brave *Carlos*: Ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up againft you both.

D. Car. Has then the falfe *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath;
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

Pofa. Yes, all his subtleft Snares are for you laid,
The King within this Minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but feen with her.
Retire my Lord ———

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my Virtue he had better known.

His unjust Doubts have soon found out the Way
To make their Entry on our Marriage Day:
For yet he has not known with me a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight;
And to such Height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exercise it on his Queen and Son.
But since, my Lord, this Time we must obey
Our Interest, I beg you would not stay:
Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

D. Car. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

D. Car. Not then when Storms against your Virtue rise;
No; since to lose you wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cause.
This is the noblest thing that Fate could do;
She thus abates the Rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis some Pleasure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare;
When their base Fears compel 'em to despair:
Hope's the far nobler Passion of the Mind;
Fortune's a Mistress that with Caution kind;
Knows that the Constant merit her alone,
They who, tho' she seem'd froward, yet court on.

D. Car. To wretched Minds thus still some Comfort
And Angels ease our Grievs, tho' but with Dreams. (gleams?)
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, Madam, bid me go. [*Looking earnestly at the Queen.*]

Queen. You must.

Pofa. You shall.

Alas I love you, would not see you fall;
And yet may find some Way t'evade it all.

D. Car. Thou, *Pofa*, ever wert my truest Friend;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.
Thou of a Thing that's lost tak'st too much Care;
And you, fair Angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*]
Great my Despair; but still my Love is higher.
Well—— in Obedience to you I'll retire;
Tho' during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I see the Danger grow too high,
To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.

[*Exit Don Carlos.*]

Enter

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess'd that this had ever been?

[Seeing Posa and the Queen,

Distraction! Where shall my Revenge begin?

Why, he's the very Baud to all her Sin,

And to disguise it puts on Friendship's Mask:

But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Task.

With him pretend some private Conference,

And under that Disguise seduce him hence;

Then in some Place fit for the Deed impart

The Business by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. Gz. 'Tis done. ———

King. So, Madam ———

[Steps to the Queen.

Queen. ——— By the Fury in your Eyes,

I understand you come to tyrannize.

I hear you are already jealous grown,

And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan,

Too deep for easy, weak, believing Man?

Hold, let me look: Indeed, y'are wond'rous fair;

So on the outside Sodom's Apples were:

And yet within, when open'd to the View,

Not half so dangerous, or so foul as you.

Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!

And you unworthy of a Husband's Name!

Do you not blush?

King. Yes, Madam, for your Shame.

Blush too, my Judgment e'er should prove so faint,

To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.

When first I saw and lov'd that tempting Eye,

The Fiend within the Flame I did not spy:

But still ran on and cherish'd my Desires,

For heav'nly Beams mistook infernal Fires;

Such raging Fires as you have since thought fit

Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth should meet.

Oh Vengeance, Vengeance! ———

Queen. ——— Poor ungenerous King!

How mean's the Soul from which such Thoughts must

Was it for this I did so late submit,

(spring.

To let you whine and languish at my Feet;

When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
 And proffer'd all your Empire for a Smile?
 Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign,
 Tho' you still swore you would preserve it mine,
 And still it shall be so, for from this Hour
 I vow to hate, and never see you more.
 Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you soon shall know
 I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell, her Pride's as raging as her Lust.
 A Guard there — Seize the Queen — [Enter Guard,
Enter Carlos, and intercepts the Guards.

D. Car. — Hold, Sir, be just.
 First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son,
 A Title I was always proud to own.

King. Good Heav'n! to merit this what have I done,
 That he too dares before my Sight appear?

D. Car. Why, Sir, where is the Cause that I should fear?
 Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
 The Reason why you use this Princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege:
 He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.
 Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence!
 But stay! Guards, with the Queen secure the Prince,
 Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
 Now in my Reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter Don John of Austria, Eboli, Henrietta, and Garcia.

D. John. I come, Great Sir, with Wonder here, to see
 Your Rage grown up to this Extremity.
 Against your beauteous Queen, and loyal Son;
 What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
 Or is't your own wild jealousy alone?

King. O *Austria*, thy vain Enquiry cease,
 If thou hast any value for thy Peace.
 My mighty Wrongs so loud an Accent bear,
 'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Car. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
 Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no;
 As you have seal'd my Doom, I may complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: Dying Men should not their Thoughts
 And since you take such Joy in Cruelties, (disguise;
 Ere

Ere of my Death the new Delight begin,
 Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
 Time was that we were smil'd on by our Fate,
 You not unjust, nor I unfortunate:
 Then, then I was your Son, and you were glad
 To hear my early Praise was talk'd abroad.
 Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would display,
 Told me where this rich beauteous Treasure lay,
 And how to gain't instructed me the Way.
 I came, and saw, and lov'd, and blest'd you for't.
 But then when Love had seal'd her to my Heart,
 You violently tore her from my Side:
 And 'cause my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
 But still some Pleasure to behold her took,
 You now will have my Life but for a Look.
 Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
 Your Heart with envious Jealousy boils o'er,
 'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
 And not your harden'd stubborn Heart relent?
 Turn, Sir, survey that comely, awful Man,
 And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away, Deluder, who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't she less can do,
 Than lend her Aid against the dreadful Storm?

King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that Form?
 This is their little Engine by the by,
 A Scout to watch and tell when Danger's nigh.
 Come pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
 How, where, and when; nay, do not fear — you shall.

Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind! —

King. — — Now hold thy Siren's Tongue:
 Who would have thought there was a Witch so young?

D. John. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?

[Takes up Hen. and makes his Address to her.]

Heav'n lays its Thunders by, and gladly hears,
 When Angels are become Petitioners.

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious?
 That Glance seems as it sent his Heart to her.

[Aside to Garcia.]

D. C. ap.

D. Car. A Banquet then of Blood since you design;
 Yet you may satisfy your self with mine.
 I love the Queen, I have confess'd, 'tis true;
 Proud too to think I love her more than you;
 Tho' she, by Heav'n, is clear ——— but I indeed
 Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.
 There were no lawless Thoughts that I did want,
 Which Love had Pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant;
 Tho' I ne'er yet found Hopes to raise 'em on,
 For she did still preserve her Honour's Throne,
 And dash the bold aspiring Devils down.
 If to her Cause you do not Credit give,
 Fondly against your Happiness you'll strive;
 As some lose Heav'n, because they won't believe.

Queen. Whilst, Prince, my Preservation you design,
 Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
 The Clearness of my Truth I'd not have shewn,
 By any other Light besides its own.
 No, Sir, he thro' Despair all this has said,
 And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
 Must I needs be unchaste, because I'm young?

King. Unconstant wav'ring Heart, why heav'st thou so?
 I shiver all, and know not what I do.
 I who ere now have Armies led to Fight,
 Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight;
 Whole Winter Nights stood under Heav'n's wide Roof,
 Daring my Foes; now am not Beauty proof.
 Oh turn away those Basilisks, thy Eyes;
 Th' Infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.

[Going away.]

Queen. Oh, do not fly me; I have no Design
 Upon your Life, for you may yet save mine. [Kneels.
 Or if at last I must my Breath submit.
 Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your Feet:
 Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

King. Why? wouldst thou live?

Queen. Yes, if you'll say the Word.

D. Car. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
 A praying Beauty prostrate on her Knees!

Rise, Madam —

[Steps to take her up.
King.

King. — Bold Encroacher, touch her not :
 Into my Breast her Glances thick are shot.
 Not true! — Stay, let me see — by Heav'n thou art

[Looks earnestly on her]

— A false vile Woman — Oh my foolish Heart!
 I give thee Life — but from this time refrain,
 And never come into my Sight again:
 Be banish'd ever. —

Queen. This you must not do,
 At least till I've convinc'd you I am true.
 Grant me but so much time; and when that's done,
 If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain :
 She heats me first, then strokes me tame again.
 Oh, wer't thou true, how happy should I be!
 Think'st thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
 No, all my Kingdom for the Bliss I'd give:
 Nay, tho' it were not so, but to believe.
 Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you, if I might.
 But if you'll take my Oaths, by all above,
 'Tis you, and only you that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sails along,
 With Pleasure hears th' enticing Siren's Song,
 Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.
 Come to my Bosom then, make no Delhy:

[Takes her in his Arms]

My Rage is hush'd, and I have room for Joy.

Queen. Again you'll think that I unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o'er Truth, and I all Love.
 Oh that we might for ever thus remain
 In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command Me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

King. Then from this Minute ne'er see Carlos more.
 Thou Slave, that dar'st do Ill with such a Port,
 For ever here I banish thee my Court.
 Within some Cloister lead a private Life,
 That I may love and rule without this Strife.
 Here Eboli, receive her to thy Charge:
 The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.

Whilst

Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit
To wait for Joys which are too fierce to meet. [*Ex. King.*]

D. Car. My Exile from his Presence I can bear
With Pleasure: But no more to look on her!

Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear.

No, Madam, all his Pow'r shall nothing do:

I'll stay and take my Banishment from you.

Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.

Queen. Will Carlos be at last my Enemy?
Consider this Submission I have shown,
More to preserve your Safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needless Ways devise,
To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.

D. Car. So now her Fortune's made, and I am left
Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift. [*Aside.*]

Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty, [*To the Queen.*]
Bless'd with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.

But now to lose it drives me to Despair,

Making me wish to die, and yet not dare,

Well, to some solitary Shore I'll roam,

And never more into your Presence come,

Since I already find I'm troublesome. [*Is going.*]

Queen. Stay, Sir, yet stay: — You shall not leave me so.

D. Car. Ha! —

Queen. — I must talk with you before you go.

Oh Carlos, how unhappy is our State?

How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?

Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,

Till envying to see us like to win,

Straight fell to cheat, and threw the false Lot in.

My Vows to you I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh, Madam, I can hear no more — [*Kneels.*]

Queen. — You shall — [*Kneels too.*]

For I can't choose but let you know, that I,

If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler Galantry was never known.

Good Heav'n! This Blessing is too much for one:

No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.

My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.

But to what Country wheresoe'er you go,

Forget not me, for I'll remember you.

D. Car.

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D. Car. Shall I such Virtue and such Charms forget?
No, never. —

Queen. — Oh that we had never met,
But in our distant Climates still been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards Happiness more safely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look so wildly? — Why d'ye start?

D. Car. A faint cold Damp is thickning round my Heart;

Queen. What shall we do? —

D. Car. — Do any thing but part;
Or stay so long till my poor Soul expires.
In view of all the Glory it admires.

Eboli. In such a Lover how might I be blest'd!
Oh! were I of that noble Heart possess'd,
How soft, how easy would I make his Bands! [Aside.
But, Madam, you forget the King's Commands: —
[To the Queen.]

Longer to stay, your Dangers will renew.

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lover's Pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we must do.
Part too for ever —

After one Minute never more to stand.
Fix'd on those Eyes, or pressing this soft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve,
Yet that is more than I did e'er deserve:

Tho' Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't spare one Hour.

Queen. If it were had, that Hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.
No, rigorous Necessity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting Blow to bear.
Adieu —

D. Car. Farewel.

[Looking at each other,

I'm fix'd and rooted here,
I cannot stir —

Queen. Shall I the Way then show?
Now hold, my Heart —

[Goes to the Door, then stops, and turns back again.

— Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

D. Car. Why do you stay?

Queen.

Queen. I won't. ———

D. Car. — — You shall a while. [*Kneels.*]
With one Look more my Miseries beguile,
That may support my Heart till you are gone.

Queen. Oh *Eboli*! thy Help, or I'm undone.

[*Takes hold on Eboli.*]

Here take it then, and with it too my Life.

[*Leans into Eboli's Arms.*]

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at strife.
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the Ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
To venture the Encounter I'll be bold;

[*Leads her to the Door.*]

For certainly my Heart will so long hold.

Farewel — be happy as y'are fair and true.

Queen. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on you.

[*Exit with Eboli.*]

D. Car. Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked Way,
By Hope's deluding Meteor led astray:
For ere I've half the dang'rous Defart cross'd,
The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am lost.

[*Exit Don Carlos.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Don Carlos and Posa.

D. Car. **T**HE next is the Apartment of the Queen:
In vain I try, I must not venture in.

Thus it is with the Souls of murder'd Men, [*is going.*]
Who to their Bodies would again repair; [*Returns.*]
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and groaning wander in the Air.

Robb'd

Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown
 From all those Hopes that promis'd me a Crown;
 My Heart, with the Dishonour's to me done,
 Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my Breast:
 But it will break, and I shall be at Rest.
 No: Dull Despair this Soul shall never load:
 Tho' Patience be the Virtue of a God,
 Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
 Or are above the Injuries we bear.

Father and King; both Names bear mighty Sense:
 Yet sure there's something too in *Son and Prince*.
 I was born high, and will not fall less great;
 Since Triumph crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate
 As glorious and majestic too as that.
 To *Flanders, Posa*, straight my Letters send;
 Tell 'em, the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend:
 And that to head their Forces I design;
 So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels? ———

D. Car. No, th'are Friends; their Cause is just;
 Or, when I make it mine, at least it must.
 Let th' common Rout like Beasts love to be dull,
 Whilst sordidly they live at Ease and full;
 Senseless what Honour and Ambition means,
 And ignorantly drag their Load of Chains.
 I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
 And cannot brook to lose the Prospect now.
 If th'art my Friend, do not my Will delay.

Posa. I'll do't ———

[Exit *Posa*.]

Enter *Eboli*.

Eboli. My Lord.

D. Car. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Car. What news of fresh Affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen; you'd stay for her?

D. Car. For her? yes, stay an Age, for ever stay;

Stay ev'n till Time it self should pass away;

Fix here a Statue never to remove,

An everlasting Monument of Love.

Tho', may a Thing so wretched as I am

But the least Place in her Remembrance claim?

Eboli.

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing else but you:
Whilst from the Theme ev'n Emulation springs,
Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Car. But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing! Propose what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be Security.

D. Car. No, Madam, what's my Due none e'er can pay,
There stands that Angel Honour in the way,
Watching his Charge with never-sleeping Eyes,
And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Eboli. What Paradise? What Pleasures can you know,
Which are not in my Power to bestow?

D. Car. Love, Love, and all those eager melting Charms
The Queen must yield when in my Father's Arms.
That Queen, so excellently, richly fair,
Jove, could he come again a Lover here,

Would court Mortality to die for her.
Oh, Madam, take not Pleasure to renew
Those Pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: Think you no Sense I have
Of what you feel? now you may take your Leave:
Something I had to say; but let it die.

D. Car. Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? Not I.

Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Presence I would nor detain:
Alas! you do not hear that I complain.
Tho' could you half of my Misfortunes see,
Methinks you should incline to pity me.

D. Car. I cannot guess what mournful Tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well,
Speak, Madam —

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame,
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a Man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love,
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be blest'd,
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Car. What stupid Animal could senseless lie,
Quickened by Beams from that illustrious Eye?

Eboli.

Eboli. Nay, to increase your Wonder, you shall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
Till ev'n I blush, as now I tell it you.

D. Car. You neither shall have Cause of Shame or Fear,
Whose Secrets safe within my Bosom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain,
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.

[*Shews him his own Picture.*]

D. Car. Distraction of my Eyes! what have they seen?
'Tis my own Picture, which I sent the Queen,
When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
Expecting Bliss, but lost it: I am curs'd,
Curs'd too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal
The only Relick left her of my Zeal,
And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.
Wert thou more charming than thou thinkst thou art,
Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,
And bids Defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected! Scorn'd by Father and by Son!
What a malicious Course my Stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate:
My own dull Husband may assist in that,
To his Revenge I'll give him fresh Alarms,
And with the gray old Wizard muster Charms.
I hav't; Thanks, Thanks, Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.

[*Aside.*]

Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can.

[*To Car. mildly.*]

I'll try to recompense the Wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.

D. Car. Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,
I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter; be but to my Honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may, on that score,
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worship'd Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. Car. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound?
I did not think such Virtue could be found.

Then

Thou Mistress of all best Perfections, stay :
 Fain I in Gratitude would something say ;
 But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. *John*. Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
 So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break ?

D. *Car*. My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here
 Mere Man of all my Comfort stripp'd and bare.

Once, like a Vine, I flourish'd, and was young.
 Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong :
 But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
 And all my Cylinders and my Branches gone.

D. *John*. Amongst those Numbers which your Wrongs
 Than me there's none that can resent 'em more. (deplora,
 I feel a gen'rous Grudging in my Breast,
 To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress'd.
 The King your Father is my Brother, true ;
 But I see more that's like my self in you.
 Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
 Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
 And if that Title you think fit to bear,
 Accept the Confirmation of it here. [Embraces.]

D. *Car*. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
 The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
 This gen'rous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
 I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n ;
 To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay :
 And then for *Flanders* I intend my Way,
 Where to th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
 To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in awe.

D. *John*. Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good ;
 Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. *Car*. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
 Above the reach or shock of Destiny ;
 Mine early nipt, like Buds untimely die.

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offi. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear,
 They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
 Which are to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. *Car*. A Pris'ner ! what new Game of Fate's begun !
 Hencforth be ever curs'd the Name of *San*,
 Since I must be a Slave, because I'm one.

Duty !

Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: No:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one Way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [Ex. Officer.

D. Car. Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
I'd see the Queen once more, tho' but in spite;
Tho' he with all his Fury were in place,
I would caress and court her to his Face.
Oh that I could this Minute die; if so,
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son;
With Pleasure all his Glories saw, when young,
Lookt, and with Pride considering whence I sprung,
Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Bask'd in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade —
But now —

Cancelling all what'er he then conferr'd,
He thrusts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my Stay,
But drives and haunts me like a Beast of Prey.
Affliction! O Affliction! 't's too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet,
Tho' Ruin at me from each Side takes aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with Flame;
Tho' the devouring Fire approaches fast;
Yet will I try to plunge; if Power waste,
I can at worst but sink, and burn at last.

[Exit Don Carlos.

D. John. Go on, pursue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for Work where Honour's to be got.
But, Madam, to this Prince you're wondrous kind.

Eboli. You are not less to Henriett, I find.

D. John. Why she's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equal'd her;
You told me once my Beauty was not less.
Is this your Faith? Are these your Promises?

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown;
Tax me of Falshood to conceal your own.
Go, y'are a Woman —

Eboli.

Eboli. Yes I know I am :

And by my Weakness 'd deserve that Name,
When Heart and Honour I to you resign'd :
Would I were not a Woman, or less kind.

D. John. Think you your Falshood was not plainly seen,
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen ?
Too well I saw it ; how did you dispense
In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince ?
Whilst I my Duty paid the King, your time
You watch'd, and fix'd your melting Eyes on him,
Admir'd him —

Eboli. Yes, Sir, for his Constancy —

But 'twas with Pain, to think you false to me,
When to another's Eye you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid,
Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

D. John. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel — *[D. John is going.]*

Eboli. Farewel, if y'are resolv'd to go :
Inhuman *Austria*, can you leave me so ?
Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rack'd ;
Add not to your Inconstancy Neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. John. If e'er you lov'd, 'tis you, not I, forget ;
For a Remove is here too deeply set,
Firm rooted, and for ever must remain. *[Eboli turns away.]*
Why thus unkind ?

Eboli. Why are you jealous then ? *[Turns to him.]*

D. John. Come, let it be no more ! I'm hush'd and still,
Will you forgive ?

Eboli. How can you doubt my Will ?
I do.

D. John. Then send me not away unblest'd.

Eboli. Till you return I will not think of Rest :
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine ; I'll wait you there.
Farewel. *[Eboli seems to weep.]*

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear ;
It quenches Joy, and stifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliss I'd prey ;
Who, from the furious Toils of Arms all Day,

Returning

Returning home to Love's fair Queen at Night,
Comes riotous and hot with full Delight. — [Ex. D. John:

Eboli. He's reap'd his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealousy:
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Desires:
Yet will I hold him; tho' Enjoyment tires,
Tho' Love and Appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,
And look like Plenty, tho' we never taste.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Musick in thy Tongue.

Eboli. Thy Foes are tottering, and the Day's thy own;
Give 'em but one List now, and they go down.
Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew;
Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither lab'ring with the Weight:
I will take care that *Carlos* shall be here;
So for his jealous Eyes a Sight prepare,
Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* Head,
And he more monstrous seem than she e'er made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
When shall I get th' Usurper dispossest?
My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their Rest,
Around the Place where all was hush'd before
Flutter, and hardly settle any more ———
Ha, *Gomez*, what art thou thus musing on? [Sees *Gomez*.

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son,
What mighty Cares, and what tempestuous Strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's Life:

How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are;
When young, our Folly; and when old, our Fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd Reflections here?
Thou enviest sure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Go. No, Sir, I joy in th' Ease which you possess,
And wish you never may have Cause for less.

King. Have Cause for less! come nearer; thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had.

Now,

Now, now I feel it rising up again —
 Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*? Where the Queen?
 What, not a Word? have my Wrongs struck thee dumb?
 Or art thou swoln and labouring with my Doom,
 Yet dar'st not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
 I'm old, and have a thousand doting Thoughts.
 Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I must.

R. Go. Nay, I would not be by Compulsion just.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Go. Grant me then one Request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Go. It is that you would here forgive your Son,
 For all his past Offences to this Hour.

King. Th'ast almost ask'd a Thing beyond my Pow'r;
 But so much Goodness i'th' Request I find,
 Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind:
 His Pardon's seal'd; the Secret now declare.

R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here. —

King. Where? With the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis so, I'm
 Never were Wrongs so great as I endure; (sure
 So great that they are grown beyond Complaint,
 For half my Patience might have made a Saint,
 Oh Woman! Monstrous Woman!
 Did I for this into my Breast receive
 The promising repenting Fugitive?
 But *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;
 And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then:
 I'll crush her Heart where all the Poison lies,
 Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Go. They the best Method of Revenge pursue,
 Who so contrive that it may Justice shew;
 Stay till their Wrongs appear at such a Head,
 That Innocence may have no Room to plead.
 Your Fury, Sir, at least a-while delay;
 I guess the Prince may come again this way:
 Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fix'd, be sure bring word to me.
 Till then I'll bridle Vengeance and retire,
 Within my Breast suppress this angry Fire,

Till

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Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themselves display;
Then, like a Falcon, gently cut my Way,
And with my Pounces seize th' unwary Prey.

[Exit King.]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Business with Delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feast to Night.
Tho' thy declining Years are in their Wane,
I can perceive there's Youth still in thy Brain.
Away: The Queen is coming hither.

[Exit R. Gomez.]

Enter Queen and Women, Henrietta.

Queen. — Now
To all Felicity a long Adieu:
Where are you, *Eboli*?

Eboli. — Madam, I'm here.

Queen. O how fresh Fears assault me every where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a Prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he stiles his Friends:
But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last Farewel of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste:
Tell him, I beg his Purpose he'd delay,
Or if that can't his Resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the Hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him — to stay him — tell him any thing —

Eboli. One Word from you his Duty would restore;
And tho' you promis'd ne'er to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a Score,
But see, he's here. —

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Car. Run out of Breath by Fate,
And persecuted by a Father's Hate,

C

Weary'd

Weary'd withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay my self down at your Feet, and die.

[*Kneels and Kisses her Hands.*]

Queen. Oh too unhappy *Carlos*! Yet unkind?
'Gainst you what Harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such Violence decree
Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Car. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n, upon this Head,
For I've the worst of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My self upbraided of a Wrong to her.

[*Rises.*]

Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snarcs t' entrap your Virtue laid?
Tell me; if not, why do you then upbraid?

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give;
Was't not my last Request, that you would live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless, your own Ruin you design,
Tho' you are sure to purchase it with mine.

D. Car. I, as you bad me live, obey'd with Pride;
Tho' it was harder far than to have dy'd.
But loss of Liberty my Life disdains;
These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
My Father should have singled out some Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He should have seen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to prescribe my Freedom, sink me low
To base Confinement, where no Comforts flow;
But black Despair, that soul Tormen'or, lies;
With all my present Load of Miseries;
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my Heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the least Submission will assuage;
You're hot with Youth, he's cholerick with Age.
To him, and put a true Obedience on;
Be humble, and express your self a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. Car. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I must obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all divine, and cannot err.

For

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For if my Doom's unalt'able, I shall
This way at least with less Dishonour fall:
And Princes less my Tameness thus condemn,
When I for you shall suffer, tho' by him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy Issue wait.
Your Presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your Duty, and my Love.

[Exit Car. and Queen.]

Enter Rui Gomez.

Eboli. Now *Gomez*, triumph; all is ripe; the Toll
Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a Smile.
Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;
But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;
A Mystery thou well hast understood:
Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms, [Aside]
And to my *Austria* lay out all my Charms. [Exit]

R. Go. Fate, open now thy Book, and set 'em down:
I have already mark'd 'em for thy own.

Enter King and Posa at a distance.

My Lord the King?

King. Gomez?

R. Go. The same.

King. Hast seen

The Prince?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Go. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Precedents there e'er
Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, didst not hear th' Infernals groan?
Hush, Hell, a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should they be? The King and *Gomez* sure;
Methinks I wish that *Carlos* were secure; [At a distance]
For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posa*, Pander to their Lust

[Drawing near to Posa]

Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust;

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In the pursuit of Vengeance drive it far:
Strike deep, and if thou canst, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Go. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss:
May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.

Thus Sir ———

[*Stabs him.*]

Posa. Ha, *Gomez*! Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: But yet I would not die alone:

Here Dog ———

[*Stabs at him.*]

R. Go. So brisk? Then take it once again.

[*As they are struggling, the Dispatches fall out of Posa's Bosom.*]

'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain.

[*Stabs him again, and Posa falls.*]

Posa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [*Dies.*]

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindful. What are these? [*Takes up the Dis-*
For Flanders! With the Prince's Signet seal'd! (*patches.*
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.

See, *Gomez*. Practices against my Crown; [*Shows 'em him.*
Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down.

Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock:
But I too long delay: give Word I come.

R. Go. What, ho! within; the King is nigh, make room.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Don John and
Eboli embracing.*

King. Now let me, if I can, to Fury add,
That when I thunder, I may strike 'em dead.

[*Looking earn'stly on 'em.*]

Ha ——— *Gomez*! on this Truth depends thy Life,
Why that's our Brother *Austria*!

R. Go. And my Wife!

Embracing close. Whilst I was busy grown
In others Ruins, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood brood.
Is it not admirable? — [*Ex. Don John and Eboli embracing.*]

R. Go. O Sir, yes!

Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorcerers ———

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near,

Enter Don Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear.

See,

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See, *Gomez*, how she languishes and dies.
 'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.

[*D. Carlos approaches the King.*]

D. Car. In Peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from
 In War, Success and Triumph crown his Arms; (*Harms;*
 Till all the Nations of the World shall be
 Humble and prostrate at his Feet like me. [Kneels]

I hear your Fury has my Death design'd;
 Tho' I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind;
 Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
 And do not spill that Blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt
 But for my Health 'tis good to let it out;
 But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul to me,
 Or else be curs'd thy Mother's Memory!
 And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
 In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

D. Car. Thus then I lay aside all Rights of Blood. [*Rises*]
 My Mother curs'd! She was all just and good. (*boldly.*)
 Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below,
 And therefore's blest'd and reigns above thee now.
 Submission! which way got it Entrance here?

King. Perhaps it came ere Treason was aware.
 Thy trait'rous Design's now come to Light,
 Too great and horrid to be hid in Night.
 See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains.

[*Shows the Dispatches.*]

I've paid your Secretary for his Pains;
 He waits you there, to Council with him go,

[*Shows Posa's Body.*]

Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now.

D. Car. My Friend here slain, my faithful *Posa* 'tis.
 Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
 What Temples sack'd, what Desolations made,
 To pull down such a Vengeance on my Head?
 This, Villain, was thy Work: What Friend of thine [*To Go.*]
 Did I e'er wrong, that thou shouldst murder mine?
 But I'll take care it shall not want Reward — [*Draws.*]

King. Courage, my *Gomez*, since thy King's thy Guard.
 Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfil.

D. Car. No; tho' unjust you are my Father still;

C-3

[*Throws away his Sword.*]

And from that Title must your Safety own:
 'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
 'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:
 To such a Height your Jealousy was grown,
 It was the only way that I could find
 To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease,
 You'd ease me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. Car. Alas! you fetch your Misconstructions far:
 The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to her,
 Were much too great for Empire to repair.
 When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
 Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
 Brand'd my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
 My Duty long with Nature was at Strife.
 Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
 Could suffer by the Voice of common Fame;
 A thing I still esteem beneath my Pride:
 For tho' condemn'd by all the World beside,
 Had you but thought me just, I could have dy'd.
 At last this only way I found to fly
 Your Anger, and divert your Jealousy——
 To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd
 From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
 There in your Right hoping I might compleat
 Spite of my Wrongs, some Action truly great.
 Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
 Your Hate, and shun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he would forego
 The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchase you;
 Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide
 Of lawless Outrage, and rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his Defence!
 So blind is Guilt when 'twould seem Innocence.
 She thinks her Softness may my Rage disarm.
 No, Sorceress, you're mistaken in your Charm,
 And whilst you sooth, do but assist the Storm.
 Do, take full View of your tall able Slave;

[*Queen looking on Carlos.*

Look hard; it is the last you're like to have.

D. Car. My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give.

King. Yes and thou dy'st.

D. Car. Not till she give me leave:

She

She is the Star that rules my Destiny;
And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever blest'd:

King. Yes, I will send him to's Eternal Rest.

Oh had I took that Journey long ago,
I ne'er had known the Pains that rack me now.

Queen. What Pains? what Racks? [*Approaching him.*]

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

I see thee foul, all one incestuous Blot;
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no Place?

King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With Promises you ne'er would see him more.
But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free; but can your Mind
Conceive that any Ill was here design'd?

He hither came, only that he might show
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.

You saw his humble dutiful Address.

King. But you before had sign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princess, thank you for the Care you take.
Tell me, how got this Monster Entrance? speak.

Eboli. Heav'n witness 'twas without my Knowledge done.

R. Go. No, she had other Business of her own. [*Aside.*]
Oh Blood and Murder!

King. All are false: A Guard.

Enter Guard.

Seize on that Traitor ——— [*To Carlos.*]

D. Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd ———

Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou shalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*]

By Heav'n, but not a Day. [*Aside.*]

I a Revenge so exquisite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Hen. If ever Pity could your Heart engage,
If e'er you hope for Blessings on your Age,
Incline your Ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What wouldst thou say?

Hen. Destroy not in one Man,
More Virtue than the World can boast again.
View him the eldest Pledge of your first Love,
Your Virgin-Joys; that may some Pity move ———

King. No; for the Wrongs I suffer weigh it down;
I'd now not spare his Life to save my own.
Away, by thy soft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Hen. By all that Hopes can frame I beg: If not,
May you by some base Hand unpity'd die,
And childless Mothers curse your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life ———

King. Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee else. Still dar'st thou stay?
Cannot Death terrify thee?

Hen. ——— No; for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Car. Kind Fair one, do not waste your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in Store,
When I in Dust am laid, and seen no more.
Oh Madam!

[To the Queen.]

Queen. Oh my Carlos! must you die
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Car. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tenderneſs that misbecomes my Heart:
For since I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my Aid my manly Spirits call.

Queen. You, like a Man, as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a Woman still. [Weeps]

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſed.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd:
But your great Lord, the Devil taught you Pride.
He too an Angel, till he durſt rebel:
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.

Queen. Cruel! Inhuman! Oh my Heart! why ſhould
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a Stranger to whate'er was ſo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.

The

The just Resentment of my Wrong's so great,
My Spirits sink beneath the heavy Weight.

[Ready to sink with Passion.]

Tyrant, stand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

D. Car. Bless'd Angel, stay — *[Takes her in his Arms.]*

Queen. Carlos, the sole Embrace

You ever took, you have before his Face.

D. Car. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous East,
In all the Glories of his Empire dress'd,
Was ever half so rich, or half so bless'd.

But from such Bliss how wretched is the Fall!

They too like us must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my Face; what Soul could bear't?

Go force her from him — *[Officer approaches.]*

D. Car. — Slave, 'twill cost thy Heart.

Th'adst better meet a Lion on his way,

And from his hungry Jaws reprove the Prey.

She's Mistress of my Soul, and to prepare

My self for Death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity —

[Ironically.]

King. Hence! how wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.
Oh Torture! —

D. Car. — Rouze, my Soul, consider now,
That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.

But I so mighty Joys have tasted here,

I hardly shall have Sense of any there:

Oh soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!

[Leaning on her Bosom.]

Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,

Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands.

King. Still in his Arms! Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'll sooner from its Center shake the Earth:

I'll hold her fast till my last Hour is nigh;

Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his Hold! or any thing —

D. Car. Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb;

I'd have my Monument erected here,

With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her.

Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms —

[*The Guards offer their Axes.*

King. Now bear him hence.

[*They part.*

Queen. O horrid Tyrant! [*Guards are hurrying Car. off.*
Stay, unhappy Prince —

Turn, turn! O Torment! must I leave you so?

No, stay, and take me with you where you go.

D. Car. Hark, Slaves, my Goddess summons me to stay.

Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you disobey?

See her? Oh let me but just touch my Bliss.

[*Pressing forward.*

King. By Hell he shan't: Slaves, are ye mine or his?

Queen. My Life —

D. Car. My Soul, farewell —

[*Exit Carlos.*

Queen — He's gone, he's gone:

Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone;

Give me my Death, that hate both Life and thee.

King. I know thou dost; yet live.

Queen. — O Misery! [*Throws her self on the Floor.*

Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why

Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis so sweet to die?

King. Thou, Woman, hast been false; but to renew

Thy Credit in my Heart, assist me now. [*To Eboli.*

Prepare a Draught of Poison, such as will

Act slow, and by Degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all Sense

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,

And that ere Morning he'll attend her. I

In a Disguise his Presence will supply;

So glut my Rage, and smiling see her die.

Eboli. Your Majesty shall be obey'd —

R. Go. Do, work thy Mischiefs to their last Degree.

And when th'are in their height I'll murder thee. [*Aside.*

King. Now, Gomez, ply my Rage, and keep it hot:

O'er Love and Nature I've the Conquest got.

Still charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes;

[*Looking at the Queen.*

Yet for my Honour and my Rest she dies.

[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*

But oh! what Ease can I expect to get,

When I must purchase at so dear a Rate? [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King solus.

King. **T**IS Night: the Season when the Happy take
 Repose, and only Wretches are awake.
 Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
 Haunt ruin'd Builings and unwholsom Grounds;
 Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
 To frighten them with some sad Tale of Fate.
 When I would rest, I can no Rest obtain:
 The Ills I've borne ev'n o'er my Slumbers reign,
 And in sad Dreams torment me o'er again.
 The fatal Bus'ness is ere this begun:
 I'm shockt, and start to think what I have done.
 But I forget how I that *Philip* am,
 So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame;
 Who thro' the Progress of my Life was ne'er
 By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear.
 No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
 And Stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.

Who? *Eboli*?

Eboli. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the Queen to seek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?

No, *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full

Of Horror, and as hellish as her Soul.

Does she believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O'er all her Face young wandering Blushes were,
 Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear: —

But when confirm'd, no Lover e'er so kind;

She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me Friend.

Which Opportunity I took to give

The Poison, and till Day she cannot live.

King.

King. Quickly then to her; say that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.

Go; that my Vengeance I may finish quite:

'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the Sight.

But to contrive that I may not be known,

And she may still mistake me for my Son,

Remove all Light but that which may suffice

To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in rueful Sables clad,

With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light.

Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly Shade,

Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.

Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,

Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return.

[*Exit.*

King. Oh stedfast Sin! incorrigible Lust!

Not damn'd! it is impossible; she must.

How do I long to see her in her Pains,

The pois'nous Sulphur rolling thro' her Veins?

Enter Don John and Attendants.

Who's there? my Brother?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.

What can your Presence here so late intend?

King. Oh *Austria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand!

Will put thy youthful Courage to a stand.

Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of
Pow'r:

Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing:

You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a Man.

But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow:

I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my Happiness you cannot have;

Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave.

To know my Ease you Thoughts like mine must bring;
Be something less a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so, 'tis true, that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast;
But now the Date of the Enchantment's past.

Before

Before my Rage like Ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o'er 'em all. (die,

D. *John*. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to
And fear by this the fatal Hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if since Age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious, and destroy?

King. Doubt it not, *Austria*: thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain hast a part,
Only the Justice of my Vengeance own;
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. *John*. I must confess there in a Crown are Charms
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:
But in my Nephew's Wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd ere I shine.
To mount a Throne o'er Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on me, not I on him.
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art easy grown,
And think'st all Hearts as honest as thy own.

D. *John*. Not, Sir, so easy as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps would have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vilest that obey,
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow as they lead astray:
Voracious Varlets, sordid Hangers on,
Best by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet shrink at Frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
Th'are these have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Possess'd your Mind with false misgrounded Fears.

King. Misgrounded Fears! Why, is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or disobedient Youth?
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to Man was given.
But thou shalt see how my Revenge I'll treat.

The SCENE draws, and discovers the Queen alone in Mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [Ironically.]
As if she never had a Thought of Sin ;

In mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to shew;
Sh'as sworn't so oft, that she believes it true.

O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in Darkness dwell :
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell.

Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell.

[The Queen rises, and comes towards him.]

Queen. My Lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes blest'd? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here— *[Embraces her.]*

Queen. My Lord the King!

This is surprizing Kindness which you bring.

Can you believe me innocent at last?

Methinks my Grievs are half already past.

King. O Tongue, in nothing practis'd but Deceit!

Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat.

Yes, vile incestuous Woman, it is I,

The King: look on me well, despair, and die.

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom before?

Since to Affliction you could add no more?

Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find

You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: Had I believ'd

Thou couldst have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd:

Liv'd and gone on in Lust and Riot still;

But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:

And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss:

This Night th'art drunk thy Bane, th'art poison'd; yes,

Thou art.

Queen.— Then welcome everlasting Bliss.

But ere I die, let me here make a Vow,

By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.

King. Vows you had always ready, when you spoke:

How many of them have you made, and broke?

Yet there's a Power that does your Falshood hear,

A just one too, that lets thee live to swear.

How comes it that above such Mercy dwells,

To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen.

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's good,
My Innocence had else been understood.
At first your Love was nothing but your Pride,
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately fair,
Thought me a Prize too rich to be possess'd
By him, and forc'd your self into my Breast:
Where you maintain'd an unresist'd Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter cou'd have lov'd you more,
Till conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a leud Adulteress was proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son.
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any Fault I made.
Love me? Oh low Pretence! too feebly built
But 'tis the constant Fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your Malice to the Head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With speedy Fury I'd have snatch'd her Life,
Torn a broad Passage open to her Heart,
And there have ransack'd each polluted Part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have seen the issuing Flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge you bring;
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you wish to have,
You wou'd go down in Silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could, your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble Work begins:
Be proud, and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the Ears of France,
I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's Wrong.

Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make thee quite forget thou'ert King.

King. I ne'er had Pleasure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that Word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the Dastard Craven cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Sister's Side.

Queen. Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord your Hand:
My Spirits fail, and I want Strength to stand. [To D. J.]

D. John. Oh Jealousy!

A Curse which none but he that bears it knows;

[Leads her to a Chair.]

So rich a Treasure who would live to lose?

King. The Poison works, Heaven grant there were
She is so foul, she may be Poison proof. (enough,
Now, my false Fair one ———

Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away, I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my Sight.

King. No, I will stay, and even thy Prayers prevent;
I would not give thee Leisure to repent;
But let thy Sins all in one Throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your Eyes, your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, *Austria*, my lost Freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear my self again.
Love held me fast; whilst, like a foolish Boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

Eboli. Help, Murder, help ——— [Eboli with a. n.]

King. — See, *Austria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh.

[Enter Guards.]

Exit

Enter Eboli in her Night-dress, wounded and bleeding;

Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murderer:
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far,
Turn, wretched King, I've something to unfold;
Nor can I die till the sad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad; to some Apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to Night, resolv'd to range:
I love a kind Companion in Revenge. [*Hugs R. Go.*]

Eboli. If in your Heart Truth any Favour wins,
If e'er you would repent of secret Sins,
Hear me a Word.

King. — What wouldst thou say? Be brief.

Eboli. Do what you can to save that precious Life;
Try ev'ry Art that may her Death prevent:
You are abus'd, and she is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain,
Led by my Lust I practis'd all my Charms
To gain the Prince, Don Carlos, to my Arms.
But there too cross'd, I did the Purpose change,
And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge: [*To R. Go.*
Taught him to raise your growing Jealousy.
Then my wild Passion at this Prince did fly, { [*To D. J.*
And that was done for which I now must die.

King. Ha, Gomez, speak, and quickly; is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no.
She, by whose Lust my Honour was betray'd,
Cannot want Malice now to take my Head;
And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

Eboli. Oh Austria, take away that ugly Fiend:
He smiles, and mocks me waiting for my Soul;
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls roll.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt:
But since you'll have my Blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more ——— [*To R. Go.*
Speak on, I charge thee, by the Rest [*To Eboli.*
Thou hop'st, the Truth, and as thou shalt be bless'd.

Eboli. As what I've said is so,
There may I find, where I most answer all,
What most I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul. [*Dies.*

King.

King. Heav'n! She was sensible that she should die,
And durst not in the Minute tell a Lye.

D. John. His Guilt's too plain; see his wild staring Eye.
By Unconcern he would shew Innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the Pretence
Of great Submission, when't had no Defence.
Thus whilst of Life you shew this little Care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray Despair.

King. His Life! what Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in doubt I must for ever live,
And lose my Peace——yet I the Truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this Minute bind
Him to the Wheel——

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only on your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?

King.—— I'd have thee tell
The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most.
You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best Intelligence
I could; till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer Measures took by her:
Which if I after a false Copy drew,
'Tis I have been unfortunate as you.

King. And is this all thou hast for Life to show?

R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n! where is now thy sleeping Providence,
That took so little Care of Innocence?
Oh *Austria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half so good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame; secure the Traitor. Oh!

[*Guards seize R. Go.*

Earth open, to thy Centre let me go,
And there for ever hide my impious Head.
Thou falsest, purest Creature Heav'n e'er made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be immortal as th'art good.

Queen. Can you to think me innocent incline
On her bare Word, and would not credit mine?

The

The Poison's very busy at my Heart;
Methinks I see Death shake his threatening Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the Injury:
Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians straight:
Hasten them quickly ere it be too late;
Propose Rewards may set their Skill at strife:
I'll give my Crown to him that saves her Life.
Curs'd Dog! — [To Gomez]

D. John. Vile Prostitute?

King. — Revengeful Fiend?
But I've forgotten half; to Carlos send;
Prevent what his Despair may make him do.
Enter Henrietta.

Hen. Oh Horror, Horror! everlasting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Ha! speak.

Hen. — He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies.
Just taken from the Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the springing Blood flows swiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that shall oppose
His Fate, to save that Life which he will lose.

King. Dear Austria hasten, all thy Interest use,
Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live. — (be hard :

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, you know 'twill
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

King. There never was so curs'd a Villain born.
But by Revenge such Pains he shall go thro',
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by Degrees,
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry Hour devise,
Till he curse Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful Henrietta, art thou come
To wait the unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong.
But

But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A Proof of it the World shall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

Enter Don Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King. My Son? But oh! how dare
I use that Name, when this said Object's near?
See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves,
No more thy Father, but the worst of Slaves:
Behold the Tears that from these Fountains flow.

D. Car. I come to take my Farewel ere I go
To that bright Dwelling, where there is no Room
For Blood, and where the cruel never come.

King. I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue?

D. Car. My Father! speak the Words once more; is't
And may I think the dear Conversion true? (you?
Oh that I could.

King. By Heav'n thou must — it is!
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos* live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. Car. Life was my Curse, and given me sure in spite.
Oh! had I perish'd when I first saw Light,
I never then these Miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been guilty thought.
Prop me: Apace I feel my Life decay.
The little Time on Earth I have to stay,
Grant I without Offence may here bestow;

[Pointing to the Queen]

You cannot certainly be jealous now.

King. Break, break my Heart —

[Leads Don Carlos to the Chair]

D. Car. You've thus more Kindness shown,
Than if y'ad crown'd and plac'd me on your Throne.
Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.

Take

Take me away again: You are too good.

Queen. Carlos, is't you? O stop that Royal Flood;
Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your Side,
How much a Life and Empire I disdain!
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

Queen. O matchless Youth! O Constancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that equal'd thine;
Nor any so unfortunate as mine ———
Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in Remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn annual Procession make;
In chaste Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lilies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is to reconcile my Lord and you.

D. Car. H'as done no Wrong to me, I am possess'd
Of all, beyond my Expectation blest'd.
But yet methinks there's something in my Heart
Tells me, I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your Hand;
Before I die, what is't you will command?

King. Why wert thou made so excellently good?
And why was it no sooner understood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray;
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou mayst ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Despair.

D. Car. Thus then with the Remains of Life we kneel;
[*Don Carlos and the Queen sink out of the Chairs and kneel.*]
May you be ever free from all that's ill.

Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: This Virtue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul too conversant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.
Here raise 'em up, gently: Ye Slaves, down, down!
Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,

For

For ever be forgotten; in your Stead,
Only Eternal Darkness wrap my Head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewell, I must be gone;

King. Bless'd happy Soul, take not thy Flight so soon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Queen. From all my Injuries and all my Fears,
From Jealousy, Love's Bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that stranger Rest.

Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breast;
Within this Minute how shall we be blest?

D. Car. Oh, far above
Whatever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd;
Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
For ever praising, and for ever kind.

Queen. Make haste, in the first Sphere I'll for you stay;
Thence we'll rise both to everlasting Day.

Farewel ————— [Dies.]

D. Car. I'll follow you; now close my Eyes;

[Leans on her Bosom.]

Thus all o'er Bliss the happy *Carlos* dies. [Dies.]

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'er
Run, sally out, and set the World on Fire, (aspire)
Alarm Nature, let loose all the Winds,
Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
Till all Things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lie down, and never more arise,
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries. (Ease.)

D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart some

King. Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as Peace.
From these warm Lips yet one soft Kiss I'll take,
How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, speak.
Oh! he regards not now my Miseries,
But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh! now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's just descending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?

The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey!

PRINCE of SPAIN. 71

Hey! How he flies!

[Stabs R. Gomez.]

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart;
That I had Strength enough but to retort.
Dull Life, so tamely must I from thee part?
Curse and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark House below. [Dies.]

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, you are a King.

King. A King! it is too little: I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperor;
He kill'd his Mother, but I have that out-done,
Murder'd a loyal Wife, and guiltless Son.
Yet, *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; strange things I tell thee are design'd,
Thou, *Austria*, shalt grow old, and in thy Age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long gray Beard,
With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be such Charms, thou canst not want Success.
But above all beware of Jealousy;
It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me,

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! But stay,
Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the Word
(Methought I saw't) the Azure Fabrick stirr'd.
Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare:
But I'll pursue and overtake 'em there:
Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down,
Oh, how I hurl the Wild-fire as I run!

Now, now I mount — [Runs off raving.]

D. John. Look to the King.

See of this fair one too strict Care be had.

[Pointing to Henrietta.]

Despair, how vast a Triumph hast thou made?
No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll lie;
Shaking off Softness, to the Camp I'll fly,
Where Thirst of Fame the active Hero warms;
And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

[Exeunt omnes.]

E P I.



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Message hither means?
Yonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes:
He told me there was Pity in my Face,
And therefore sent me here to make his Peace.
Let me for once persuade you to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.
And if this Time I can your Kindness move,
He'll write for me, he swears by all above,
When I am big enough to be in Love.
Now won't ye be good-natur'd, ye fine Men?
Indeed I'll grow as fast as e'er I can,
And try if to his Promise he'll be true,
Think on't when that Time comes, ye do not know
But I may grow in Love with some of you.
Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see
Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,
You know what your Unkindness oft has done;
I'll e'en forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.

F I N I S.

